JOIN DR WHO IN A NEW STORY — INSIDE!

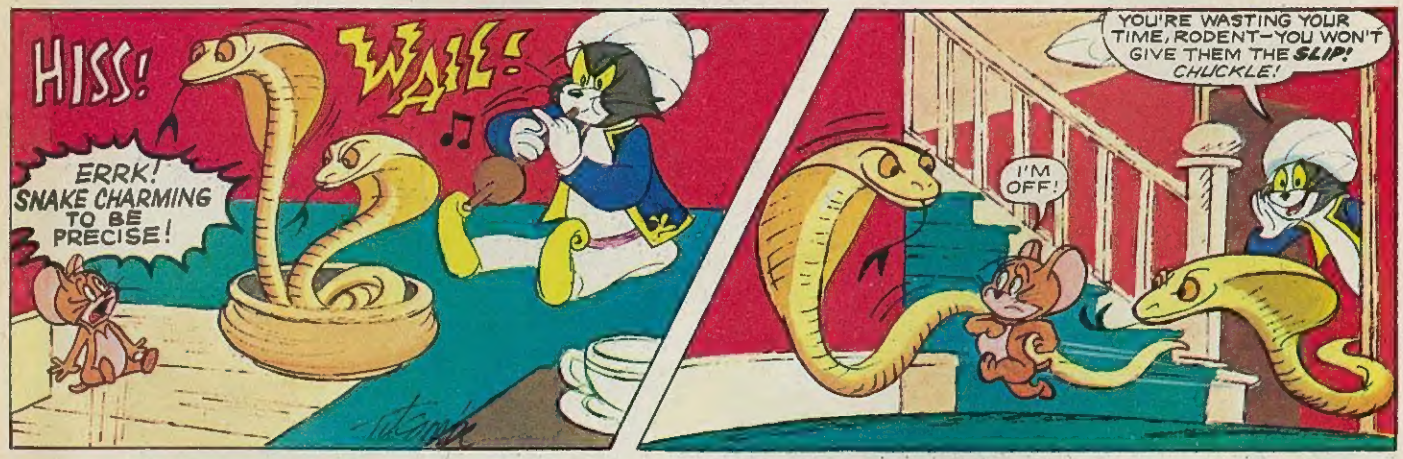
TV COMIC PLUS

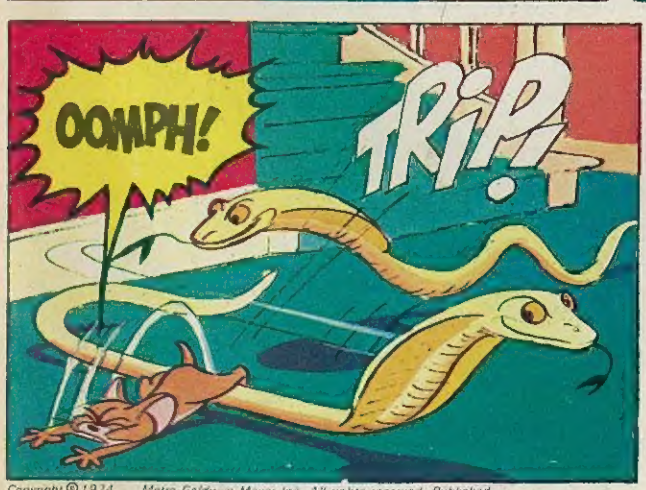
7p

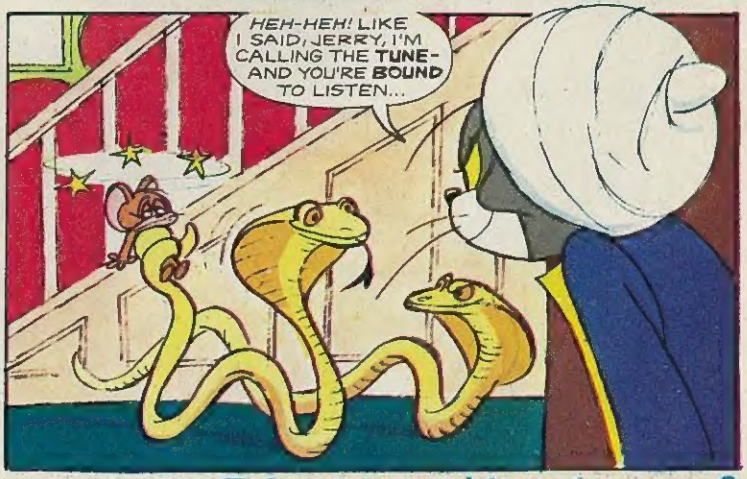
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending August 24th, 1974 | Number 1184

TOM and JERRY Weekly







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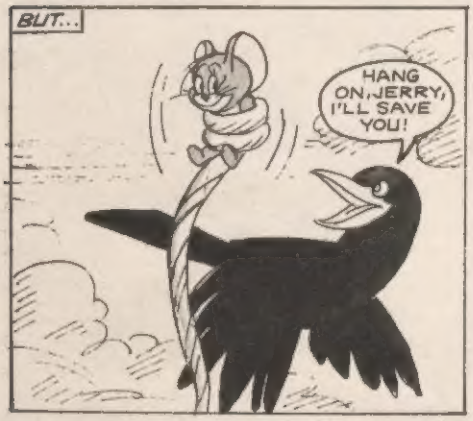
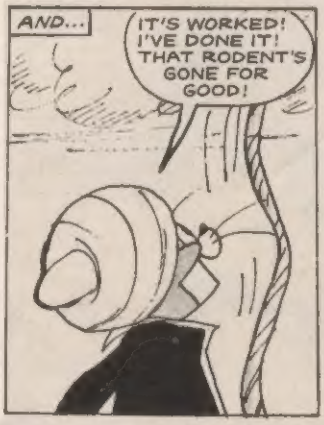
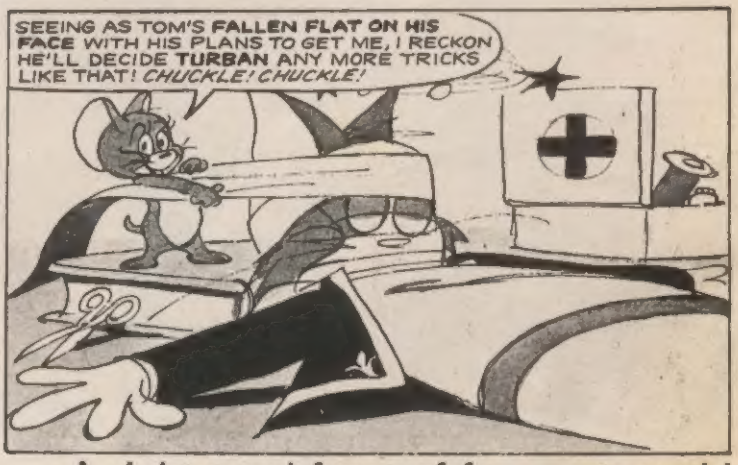
Take note and turn to page 2

MOMENTS LATER...
GUESS YOU'VE HEARD OF THE INDIAN ROPE-TRICK, RODENT...?
SECRETS OF THE EAST
G...GULP! S...SURE, TOM... BUT I DON'T SEE...
THAT'S JUST THE POINT, JERRY. WE WON'T BE SEEING YOU AGAIN! ACCORDING TO THE BOOK, YOU VANISH INTO THE CLOUDS!
LOOKS LIKE TOM'S S...SURE SETTING HIS SIGHTS HIGH THIS WEEK!

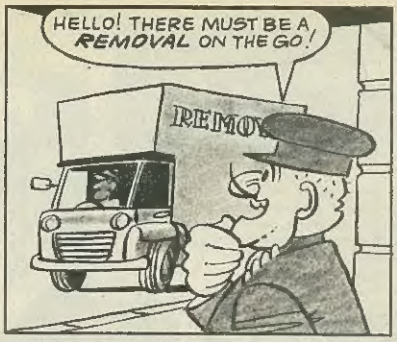


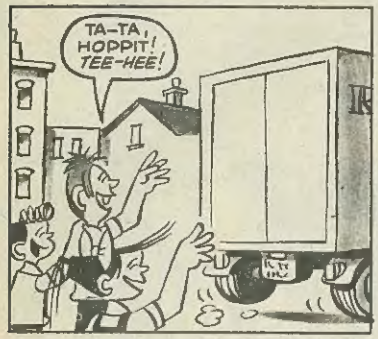


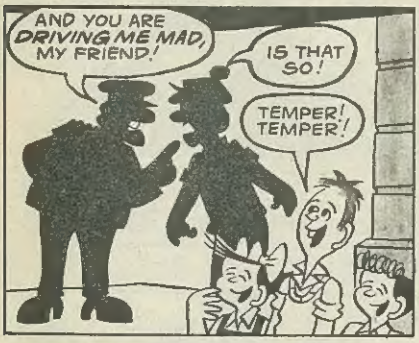

SEEING AS TOM'S FALLEN FLAT ON HIS FACE WITH HIS PLANS TO GET ME, I RECKON HE'LL DECIDE TURBAN ANY MORE TRICKS LIKE THAT! CHUCKLE! CHUCKLE!

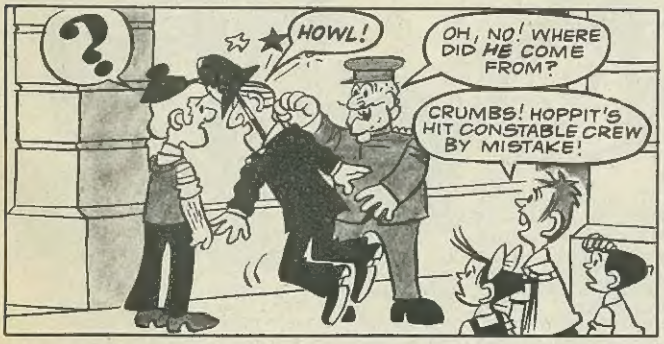
A right royal feast of fun next week!

TV Terrors









HO! HO! HOPPIT'S BEEN REMOVED, AFTER ALL— TO THE POLICE STATION!
IT'LL BE AT LEAST A WEEK, BEFORE THEY LET HIM GO!
IDIOT!
BUT, CONSTABLE— IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
QUIET, YOU!

Hoppit makes a splash in a pool soon!

CANNON

DANNY Francis, one of America's top pop stars, has disappeared. As Frank Cannon leaves his apartment, he is confronted by a pretty girl in the car park who makes a strange request . . .

COME OFF IT, HONEY! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S . . .? LOOK OUT!

CANNON GRABS THE GIRL'S ARM JUST IN TIME . . .

OOH!

THAT SHOULD LET THE SNAKE KNOW THAT IT AIN'T HEALTHY FOR HIM TO HANG AROUND!

EXIT

SHORTLY AFTER . . .

HERE, TAKE THIS. IT'LL CALM YOUR NERVES. THEN YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, MISS . . . ER . . .?

JULIE FRANCIS, MISTER CANNON. I'M DANNY'S *SISTER*.

WHEN DANNY STARTED OUT IN SHOW BUSINESS IT WAS ALL SUCH FUN. HE HAD HIS DREAMS, OF COURSE. BUT IN THOSE DAYS, MAKING MUSIC WAS ENOUGH.

"THEN ONE DAY GEORGE HENDRICKS INTRODUCED HIMSELF AND OFFERED TO TURN DANNY INTO A SUPER-STAR. NATURALLY, DANNY WAS IMPRESSED AND SOON . . .

"HENDRICKS KNEW ALL THE TRICKS TO GET DANNY'S NAME IN THE PRESS AND USED THEM!"

OKAY, SO HE'S AS INNOCENT AS A BABE. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S DEAD?

. . . SUCH AS FAKING A KIDNAPPING TO PROMOTE HIS LATEST DISC!

I SWEAR DANNY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS FOR REAL, MISTER CANNON. NOT UNTIL AFTER IT HAPPENED, ANYWAY.

HE RANG ME YESTERDAY AND TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO QUIT. HE ALSO SAID HENDRICKS MIGHT TURN NASTY? BESIDES, HE'S LEFT EVERYTHING BEHIND. CLOTHES . . . ***EVERYTHING!***

BEFORE CANNON CAN ASK FURTHER, HIS OWN TELEPHONE BLEEPS . . .

TELEPHONE

CANNON SPEAKING.

IF YOU'VE ANY SENSE, CANNON, YOU'LL TELL THAT FRANCIS BIRD TO GET OUTTA TOWN AND FORGET HER BROTHER EVER EXISTED!

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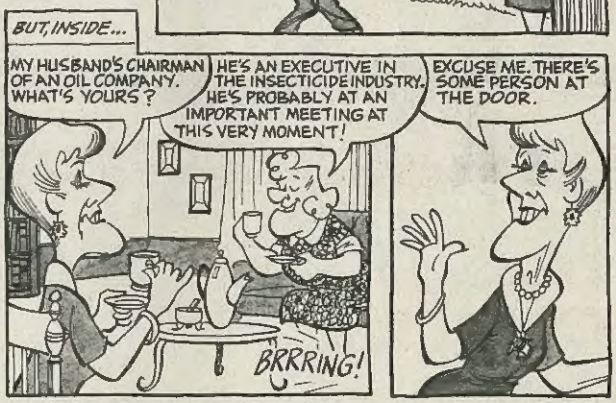
Don't miss next week's episode.

MIGHTY MOTH

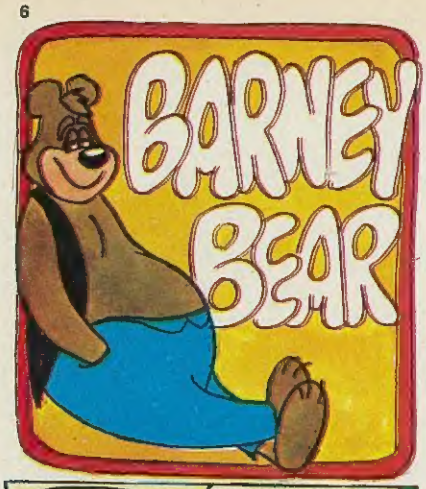
'MORNING, MA. WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO PLEASED WITH YOURSELF?
I'VE BEEN INVITED TO TAKE MORNING COFFEE WITH MRS. PRUNELLA SNITCH! SHE RUNS OUR LADIES' MEETINGS!

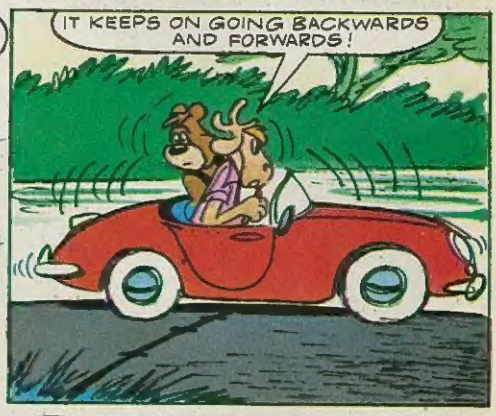
I'M NOT A TRAMP. IT'S JUST THAT A MOTH HAS EATEN MY OUTFIT AND I CAN'T AFFORD A NEW ONE!
MY SUIT'S WEARING A BIT THIN. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW US TRAMPS GET FITTED UP.

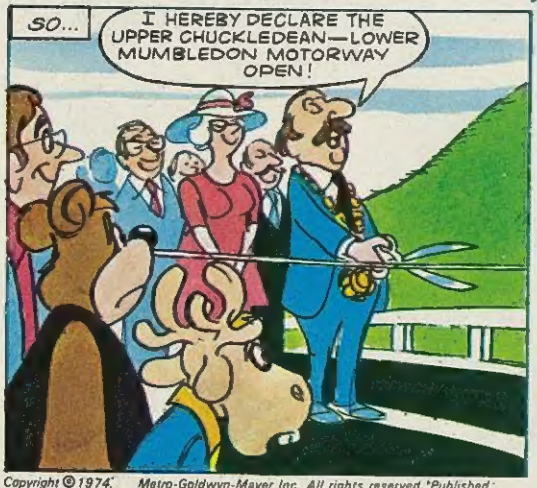
SO... EXCUSE ME, MADAM, HAVE YOU AN OLD SUIT IN THE HOUSE FOR A POOR TRAMP?
MY HUSBAND HAS ONE OR TWO THINGS HE WON'T WEAR ANY MORE. I'LL FETCH THEM FOR YOU!

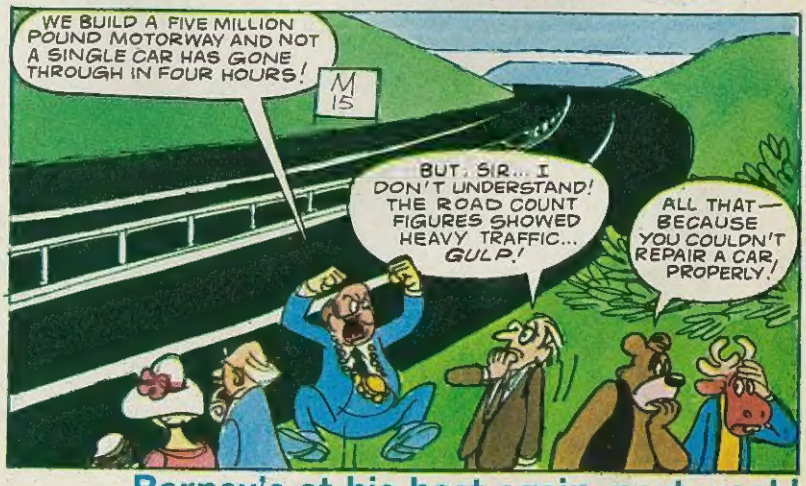

BUT, INSIDE...
MY HUSBAND'S CHAIRMAN OF AN OIL COMPANY. WHAT'S YOURS?
HE'S AN EXECUTIVE IN THE INSECTICIDE INDUSTRY. HE'S PROBABLY AT AN IMPORTANT MEETING AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
BRRRING!
EXCUSE ME. THERE'S SOME PERSON AT THE DOOR.

More mothy mirth for you soon.








WE BUILD A FIVE MILLION POUND MOTORWAY AND NOT A SINGLE CAR HAS GONE THROUGH IN FOUR HOURS!
M 15
BUT, SIR... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE ROAD COUNT FIGURES SHOWED HEAVY TRAFFIC... GULP!
ALL THAT— BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T REPAIR A CAR, PROPERLY!

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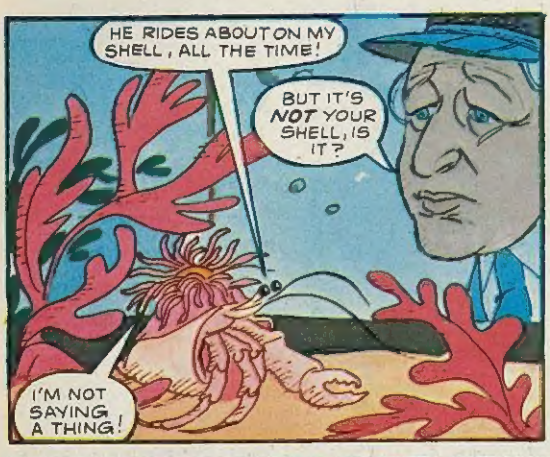
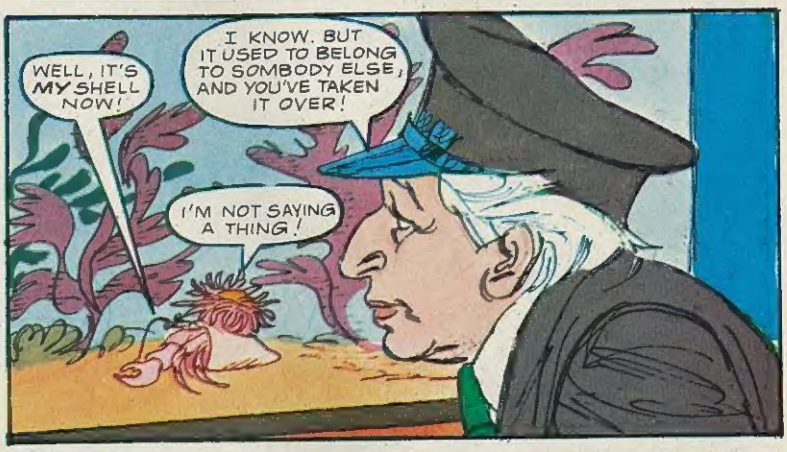
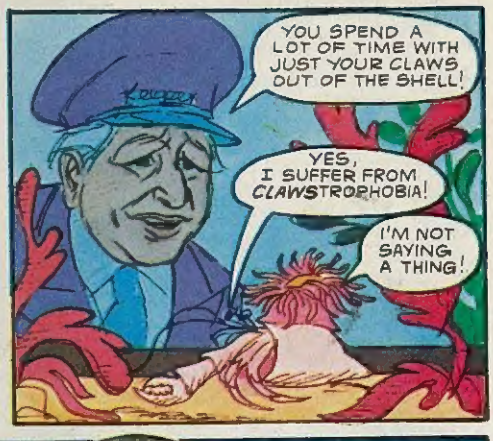
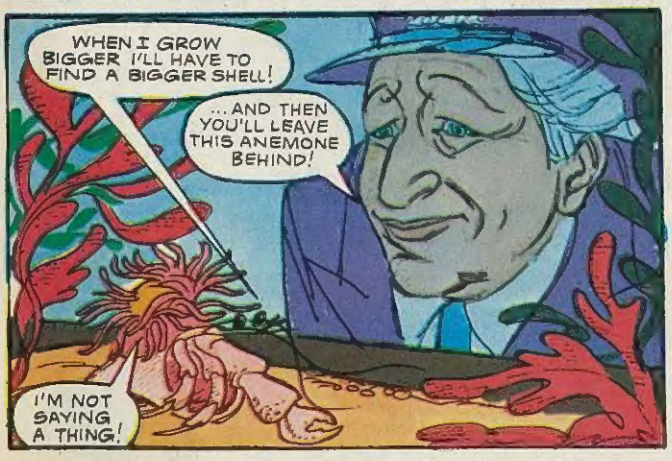
Barney's at his best again, next week!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC





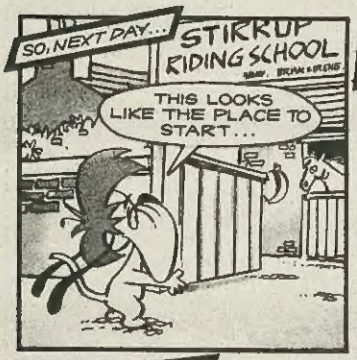




WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET THIS ANEMONE OFF YOUR BACK?
NO, NO— YOU MUST NEVER MAKE AN ENEMY OF AN ANEMONE!
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SAY A THING!

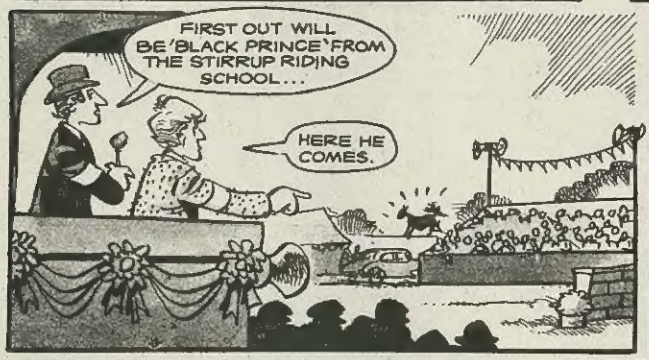
Peep at the Polecats here next week.

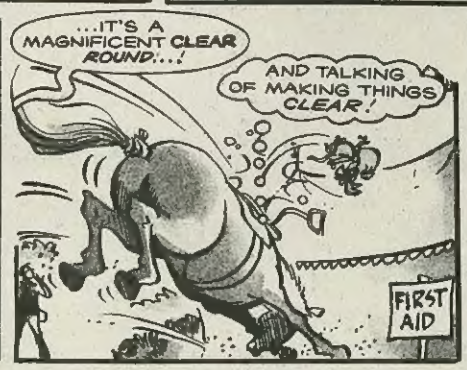
DROOPY



MEANWHILE, INSIDE...
HE'LL TAKE SOME HANDLING, MA'AM! HE'S CERTAINLY A WILD ONE.
DON'T WORRY, JENKINS. I'VE HIRED A TOP RIDER. 'BLACK PRINCE' WILL WIN THE GYMKHANA, YOU'LL SEE

SECONDS LATER...
THEY CERTAINLY DON'T WASTE TIME AROUND HERE, THIS MUST BE THE BEGINNERS' CLASS...
WE'LL SEE WHO'S BOSS!
DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, WILL YOU, SIR?





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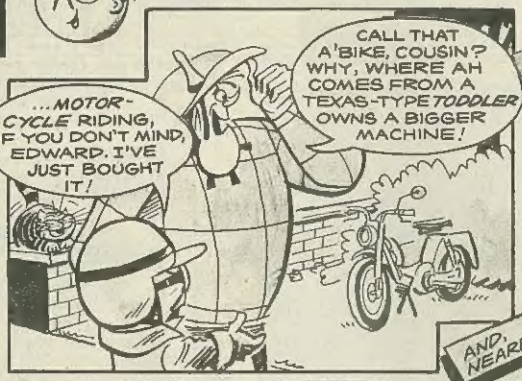
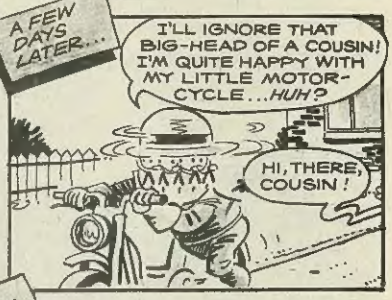
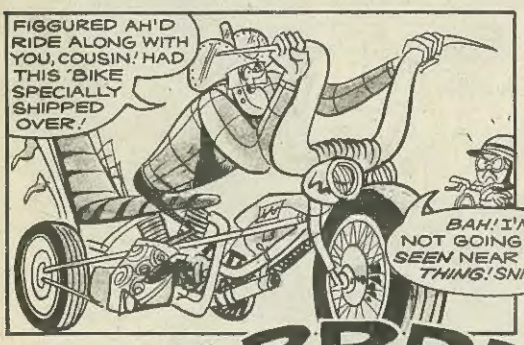
Droopy goes house-hunting soon.

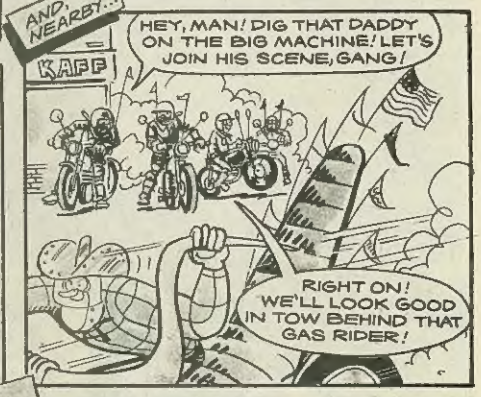
Texas Ted

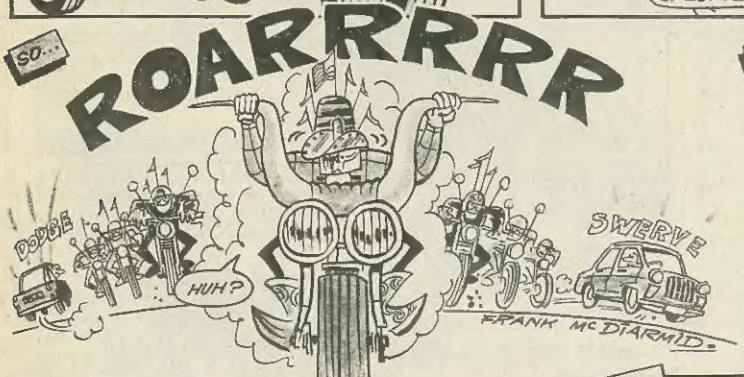
YOU CLUMSY GREAT COWBOY! IT WAS LUCKY I WAS WEARING MY CRASH-HELMET! IT SAVED ME EVEN BEFORE I MOUNTED UP!
HAW! HAW! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOIN' HORSE-RIDIN' LIKE THAT, COUSIN?

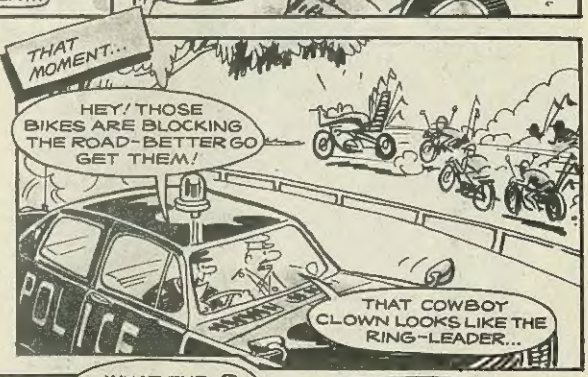

CALL THAT A'BIKE, COUSIN? WHY, WHERE AH COMES FROM A TEXAS-TYPE TODDLER OWNS A BIGGER MACHINE!
...MOTOR-CYCLE RIDING, IF YOU DON'T MIND, EDWARD. I'VE JUST BOUGHT IT!




FIGGURED AH'D RIDE ALONG WITH YOU, COUSIN! HAD THIS 'BIKE SPECIALLY SHIPPED OVER!
BAH! I'M NOT GOING TO BE SEEN NEAR THAT THING! SNIFF!


AND, NEARBY...
KAFF
HEY, MAN! DIG THAT DADDY ON THE BIG MACHINE! LET'S JOIN HIS SCENE, GANG!
RIGHT ON! WE'LL LOOK GOOD IN TOW BEHIND THAT GAS RIDER!

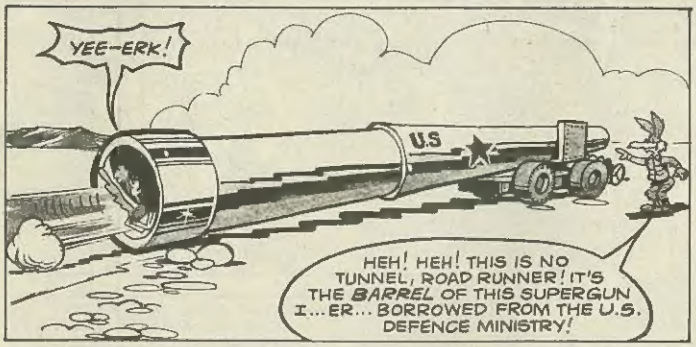




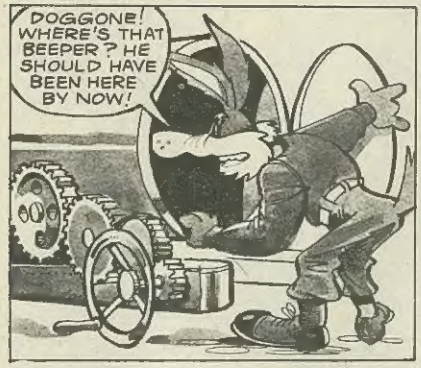
A WHILE LATER...
WHAT THE...? HEY THERE, COUSIN CECIL, DO SOMETHIN'!
SORRY, I CAN'T STOP...
POLICE
DISTURBING THE PEACE... CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, SIR!

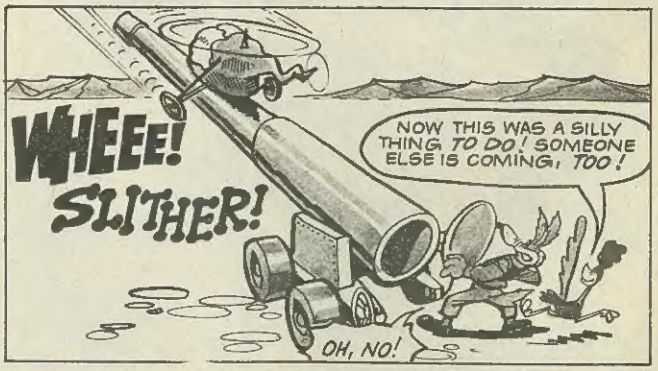
A rockery riot with Cecil's cowboy cousin next week.

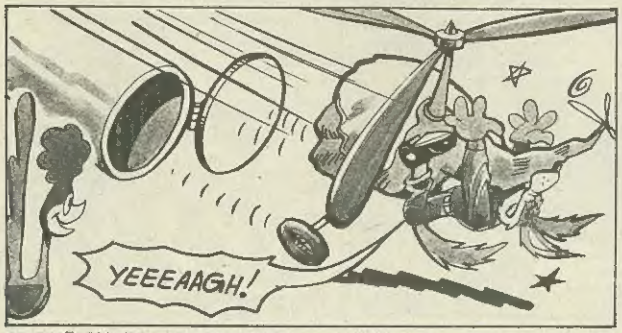
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner



START RUNNING, ROAD RUNNER! UNTIL YOU REACH MY END OF THE BARREL! YUK!
THIS WILL BE NO BARREL OF FUN! THAT WILE E COYOTE'S A SON-OF-A-GUN!







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Beep Beep takes flight on a 'plane soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

My name is Catherine Ross. I live at East Kilbride, in a high flat so I have to go up and down in the lift, every day. I have lived here a year. I like ballet very much and have won a medal for it. Isn't it funny that with ballet as my hobby, the block of flats I live in is called: "Saddlers Wells Court"?

Catherine Ross, East Kilbride.

That's what I call BALLET funny!

Dear Editor

This is a picture of me, being a fireman. I am six years old and want to be a fireman when I grow up. I like Basil Brush and Dr Who best in TV Comic. My sister, Alison, is in the photograph with me.

Peter Randall, Turners Hill, Sussex.

Well, I hope your ambition comes true, Peter. We'll always be in need of a few brave firemen

Dear Editor

My name is Elizabeth Adams and I am ten years old. This is a picture of me and some of the children in my year at school. We are planting a tree, and the girl with a ring round her head is me. My favourites in TV Comic are Basil Brush and Popeye

High Wycombe, Bucks.

Well done, Elizabeth. Please excuse the reproduction, but it's the best our printer can do from a newspaper cutting.

Dear Editor

My name is David Hale and I am ten years old. My hobby is horse riding and I have two horses. The one in the photograph is called "Beauty" and is my favourite. I also have seven chickens and a sheepdog, called "Fly"

Sixbells, Abertillery, Gwent.

Fancy having two horses! I know lots of people who would be satisfied with one!!

Dear Editor

My name is Pauline McCarney. I am ten years old. Very recently, I went on a trip to Holland with my school, for three weeks. Here is a picture of me at the zoo. I never found out what these animals are called. I suppose they are goats of some sort. Have you or any readers an idea? With me, is Mrs Vries, who looked after me in Holland

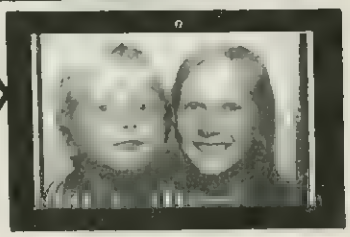
Belfast, N. Ireland.

Dear Editor

This is a picture of my brother and me. I have been reading TV Comic for five years. I am a member of the Girls Brigade and am also going on a camp, this summer, to Guernsey, with the Boys Brigade. My hobbies are horse riding and gardening. I like Pink Panther and Popeye best.

Kathryn Bland,
Burnley, Lancs.

You'll like Guernsey, Kathryn. It's a smashing place. Hope you and the other Girls Brigaders enjoy yourselves.



STAR LETTER

I am writing to tell you of an odd experience, one night, when I was just going to bed. I heard a scraping noise and a gnawing that seemed to come from the chimney. I dragged at the gas fire in front of the chimney and out flew a Barn Owl. It must have flown into the chimney, got stuck and fallen down. We managed to release it into the open air

Peter Davies,
Corby, Northants.

Good job it wasn't Christmas Eve, Peter. Your owl would probably have found he had company!

BASIL BRUSH

CHUMMERS, YOU'VE PUT TOO MUCH SUGAR IN MY TEA! AND HURRY UP WITH THE CHOCOLATE BISCUITS!

GUV, I'VE 'AD ENOUGH OF THIS JOB! I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH ALL THE TO-IN' AN' FRO-IN'!

WHAT'S MORE, I AVEN'T BEEN PAID FOR SIX MONTHS! I'M GOIN' TO LOOK FOR EASIER EMPLOYMENT!

CHUMMERS... DON'T... I... I...

A FEW DAYS LATER...

GOODY, GOODY. THIS SOUNDS JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

?

SOON...

I'M 'ANDING IN MY NOTICE, GUV. IF I GETS THE JOB I'M AFTER I'LL BE LEAVING ON FRIDAY.

GULP! IF YOU INSIST, OLD CHUM!

I KNOW IT'S NAUGHTY TO READ OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS, BUT I MUST FIND OUT WHAT JOB CHUMMERS IS AFTER!

DEAR SIR, REGARDING YOUR APPLICATION FOR A JOB AS STEWARD WITH THIS AIRLINE, WE ARE WILLING TO GIVE YOU A TRIAL ON FLIGHT 716, THIS TUESDAY, TO SEE IF YOU ARE SUITABLE...

SO CHUMMERS THINKS LIFE WILL BE EASIER AS AN AIRLINE STEWARD, EH? I HAVE AN IDEA!

TUESDAY...

THAT'S YOUR AIRCRAFT. IF YOU LIKE THE JOB, AND YOU'RE ANY GOOD, WE'LL SEND YOU FOR TRAINING!

IT'LL BE EASY AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN DOIN'!

SOON AFTER TAKE-OFF...

COR! GIVE US A CHANCE! THE PASSENGER IN SEAT 3I IS BUZZIN' FOR SERVICE ALREADY!

IT'S THE GUV!

AH, STEWARD. UNFASTEN MY SEAT BELT THEN BRING ME TEA AND BIKKIES. HURRY ALONG NOW!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...

'E'S WEARIN' ME OUT! 'E WANTS ORANGE SQUASH WITH THREE LUMPS OF ICE AND TWO STRAWS, PLUS A CUSHION TO REST 'IS FEET ON!

STEWARD! WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED, I'D LIKE A MORNING PAPER AND A SHARPENED PENCIL TO DO THE CROSSWORD!

GASP! I CAN'T GO ON!

LATER...

WHERE'S CHUMMERS WITH THAT NEWSPAPER?

EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU A STEWARD?

NO, SIR — I AM THE PILOT!

THEN WHO'S FLYING THE AIRCRAFT?

THE STEWARD! HE DECIDED HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS JOB SO HE'S HAVING A GO TO SEE IF HE'D LIKE TO BE A PILOT!

CHUMMERS! P... PLEASE LEAVE THE FLYING TO THE PILOT AND COME BACK AS MY BUTLER... LESS WORKING HOURS... MORE MONEY... ANYTHING!

THANKS FOR LETTIN' 'IM THINK I WAS FLYIN' WHILE YOU WERE ON AUTOMATIC PILOT, CAPTAIN!

BACK HOME...

ANOTHER SANDWICH, CHUMMERS?

YES, PLEASE, GUV!

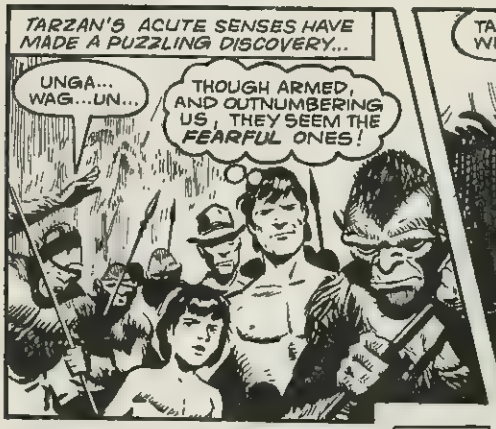
COR! MY JOB'S EASIER THAN BEIN' AN AIRLINE PILOT!

Basil's playful in a playground next week!

TARZAN

A BOTANIST named Dr Paul Cranton has disappeared in a vast swamp, after setting out to seek the legendary man-eating plant. Accompanying Professor Vaughn Trent in his hunt for Cranton, are Boy and Tarzan. But the party are led away, under guard, by a strange race of swamp-dwellers. Then . . .

IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE— COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT CRANTON PENETRATED THIS FAR?
PERHAPS. EVEN SO, BEFORE WE CAN LEARN OF HIS FATE, WE MUST DISCOVER OUR OWN!
1184


TARZAN'S ACUTE SENSES HAVE MADE A PUZZLING DISCOVERY...
UNGA... WAG...UN...
THOUGH ARMED, AND OUTNUMBERING US, THEY SEEM THE FEARFUL ONES!

BEFORE A LARGER BUILDING, THAT DOMINATES THE SWAMP VILLAGE...
THE ONE WHO LEADS THEM MUST DWELL IN THERE, TARZAN.
YES, BOY. THERE IS MUCH EVIL IN THIS PLACE, I FEEL IT ALL AROUND US...

BEFORE TARZAN CAN PONDER MORE...
HE PLANS OUR DEATH, TAZAN— I AM SURE OF IT!
I FEAR YOU ARE RIGHT, LADDIE. IT SEEMS WE ARE TO DIE WITHOUT DISCOVERING THE TRUTH ABOUT CRANTON...
...IF WE HAVE NOT FOUND THE TRUTH ALREADY!
WH...WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

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Meet the man behind the mask next week!

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
© 1974 Peter Thurlow Baldart Ltd
THOUGHT THIS MIGHT GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST IF JERRY STRIKES THIS COAST HERE, MAINWARING.
ER...YES, SIR. VERY INTERESTING.
MY WORD, SIR, DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD TO SEE THEM IN ACTION?
NOT PARTICULARLY, WILSON. I'M QUITE CERTAIN WE COULD DO JUST AS WELL WITH THE NECESSARY TRAINING!
WHAT WAS THAT?
ER...HUM! I SAID IT'S A GOOD JOB THEY'VE HAD ALL THE NECESSARY TRAINING!
SOME TIME LATER...
WELL DONE, SERGEANT!
THANK YOU, SAH!
JUST LISTEN TO THEM, WILSON! WITH THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT ANYONE COULD DO IT!
SO NEXT DAY...
ROWING ON TO THE BEACH IS ONE THING, BUT TRYING TO SCALE THAT CLIFF... ISN'T IT RATHER DANGEROUS?
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ADVENTURE, SERGEANT WILSON?
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE TO ROW!
WHO WAS IT OPENED HIS BIG MOUTH AND SAID THE SEA SCOUTS WOULD LEND US THEIR WHALER?
HOW WAS I TO KNOW WE WERE GOING TO ATTACK THE CONTINENT SINGLE-HANDED!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT, YOU TWO! STAND BY TO ATTACK THE BEACH!
AND SO...
RIGHT, MEN—OUR OBJECTIVE IS THE CLIFF TOP!
DON'T PANIC, CAPTAIN MAINWARING, SIR! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!
YAH! I'D DROP THE OLD FOOL! I'LL WATCH THE BOAT!
WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE TOP OF THAT CLIFF IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! THE BOAT CAN LOOK AFTER ITSELF!
I THINK IT ONLY RIGHT TO MENTION, CAPTAIN MAINWARING, THAT I'M NOT ALL THAT GOOD AT HEIGHTS
NEARLY AN HOUR LATER...
WE REALLY CAN'T GO ANY HIGHER! DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER TURN BACK?
OH, VERY WELL, WILSON!
PERMISSION TO POINT OUT A SNAG, SIR!
THE TIDE'S COME IN AND OUR BOAT IS GOIN' OUT!
IT'S THE END O' US! WE'RE ALL DOOMED!
WHO'S THE ONE WHO SAID THE BOAT COULD LOOK AFTER ITSELF!
LATER THAT EVENING...
HOW DID YOU GRANDADS HAPPEN TO GET STUCK UP THERE?
GOOD JOB WE SAW THE VERY LIGHT!
7107
I THINK WE'RE PART OF AN ARMY SCHEME TO PROVE THAT WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN EH, SIR?

Mainwaring gets in a flap with flags soon!

BOPPO'S CLUB

Hello, girls and boys,

When I was at a garden fête the other week, I visited one of the stalls where three ladies were organising a most interesting competition — one I had not seen before. I would like my members to try it, and I will give a few small prizes for the best entries I receive.

I expect you have all made a picture from an ink blot, and this is very similar but much more fun. Just follow these instructions:

1) Take a piece of plain paper measuring about 7 inches by 8 inches, and fold it exactly in two.

2) Open it out and, somewhere along the crease or fold, put three small blobs of different coloured paint squeezed from tubes of water colours.

3) Fold the paper back again, and using a ruler, press on the paper, making three heavy strokes in different directions to spread the paint inside.

4) Open up the paper when you will find that the paint blobs have made a colourful pattern. Now just add a few lines or dots with a felt-tipped pen to make your own complete picture — (you may add such things as a head, or arms or legs, if you wish)

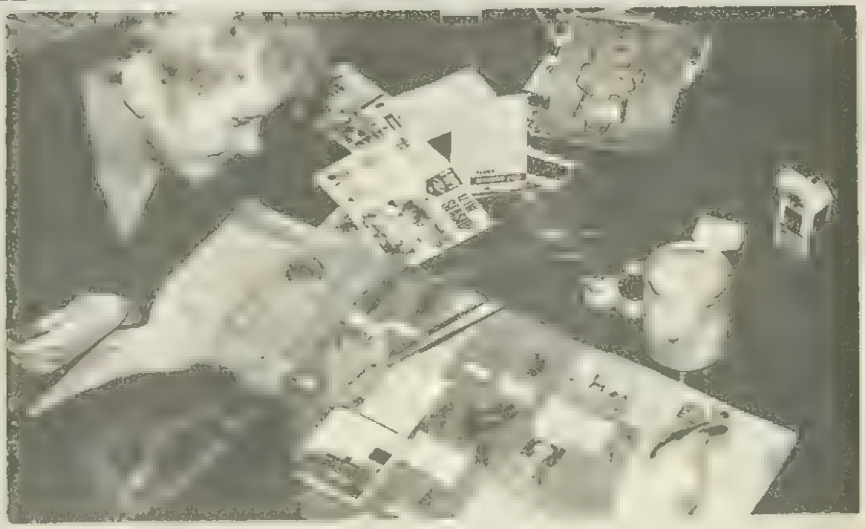
5) Now to finish off, give your picture a title. Put your name, address and Club membership number on the back and post it to me at Westmorland House, PO Box 215, 104 Stokes Croft, Bristol BS99 7QX to arrive by the end of September.

This competition raised quite a good sum of money at the fête; they charged people 5p to have a go at making a picture and gave prizes for the best adults' and best youngsters' pictures. You might like to try this on your friends at school for our Bounty Box fund.

MVFGA DFK WCA ARQFDMRT DFKC VFJMXWDH

Boppo

I-SPY 7



MAKE YOUR OWN HOLIDAY SCRAPBOOK

Cut along border

WE CHANGE OUR LIVES IN OUR HOLIDAY so why not keep a record of the change? Be an author. Write your own holiday book.

You'll have taken pictures, made sketches, collected seaweed and bits and pieces Now use them, adding your own notes, letters, ideas. A big scrapbook is best, perhaps, with one subject on each page; please yourself exactly about your design and what you put in. I've seen a holiday book devoted entirely to windmills — but then you have to be keen on windmills to produce that. You may be interested in one special thing — sport, perhaps, or clothing, or cars, or boats— or just everything.

Everybody in the family can help, with Dad and Mum writing bits about things that interest them; everybody can add something.

Your holiday will provide the material for your book. You can put it together later on. You will find a notebook, guidebooks, time-tables, maps, photographs and big envelopes useful for gathering together your raw materials

Your book will make a fascinating record — much, much more interesting than just showing your holiday snaps. You need . . . a big scrapbook, paste, scissors, paints or coloured pencils, sellotape — and ideas!

Big Chief I-SPY,
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London W2 1EP.

The BUGS BUNNY Show
'CAT-FISH CATCH!'
BLISTERIN' BARNACLES! DON'T TELL ME THAT PUSSY HAS TAKEN TO EATING FISH AT LAST!
DUMB PIRATE! SYLVESTER CAT ESQUIRE NEVER EATS FISH! ONLY CANARIES!
AND THERE'S ONE HAVING A SWIM DOWN THERE! YUK! YUK!
HWELP! I'VE BWEEN HWOOKED!
YANK!
WHAT ONE MIGHT TERM A FLYING FISH! SHNIGGER! SHPLUTTER!
SORRY, CAT! IT WILL HAVE TO GO BACK! IT'S UNDER REGULATION SIZE!
B...BUT, SIR!
GAME KEEPER
OH GWOODY!
NYEEAAR! CANARY FISH DON'T COME ANY BIGGER THAN THAT, YOU FOOL!
SPLOP!
GRR! THERE'S NOTHING IN THE RULE BOOK ABOUT SWIMMING FOR UNDERSIZED CANARIES!
BY JIMMINY! THE CAT'S CORRECT!
RULE BOOK
HEH-HEH! START COUNTING, CANARY! YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!
HWELP! HWELP AGWEN!
TANGLE!
?
BY JIMMINY! THAT CATFISH SOUNDS DISTINCTLY LIKE SYLVESTER...
YEEEAGH!
BUT HE CANNOT BE SYLVESTER AS HE DOESN'T LIVE UNDERWATER! INDEED, THIS CATCH IS A PRIZE SIZE!
WAAGH! IT'S ME, SYLVESTER!
I'LL UNTANGLE YOU, AND PUT YOU IN MY LANDING NET!
CWOO! SO WAT'S WHERE WAT PUTEY-TAT WENT!
I'LL CATCH THAT CRAZY BUNNY UNAWARES AND MAKE MY GETAWAY!
WAAGH! I'M STICKING TO WATER-TIGHT PLANS IN FUTURE!
I SUSPECT I TAUGHT SYLVESTER A LESSON THERE! NEXT TIME, HE WON'T COME FISHING FOR TROUBLE!
CWOOO! GWOOD OLD BWUGSY!

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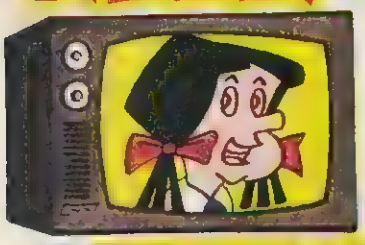
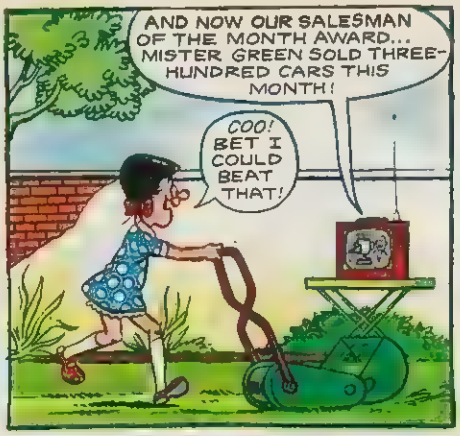
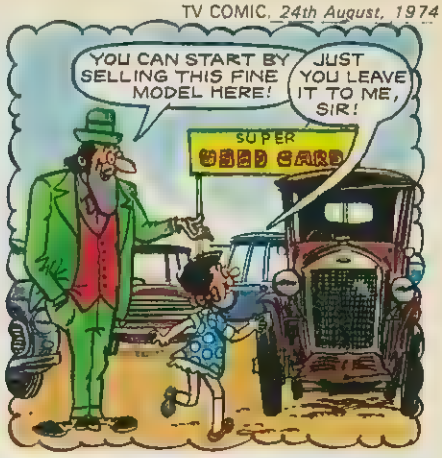
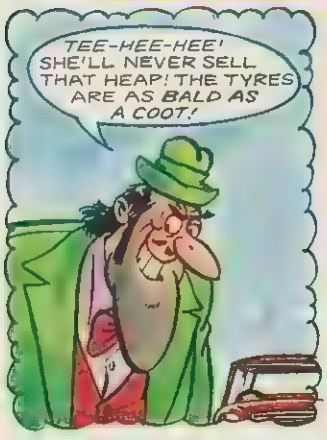
Bugsy gets ahead with a hat next week!

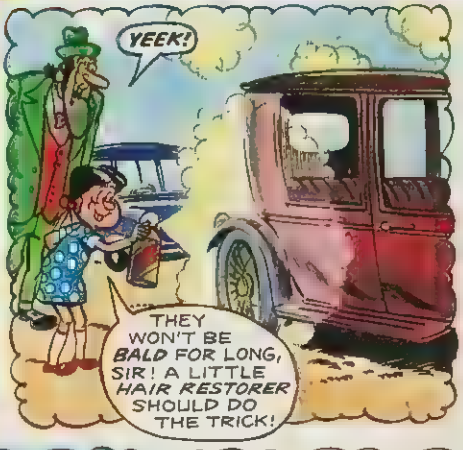
NELLY AND HER TELLY

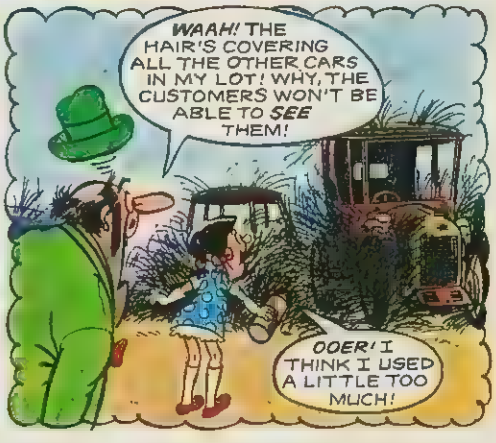


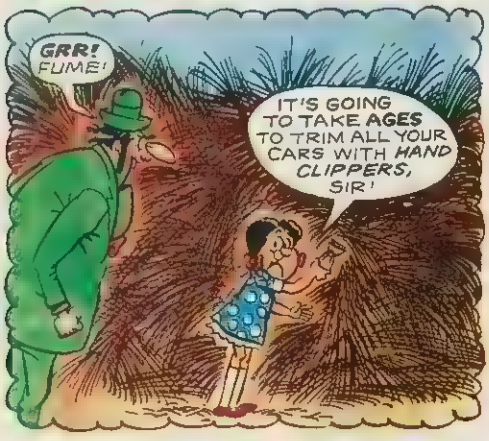


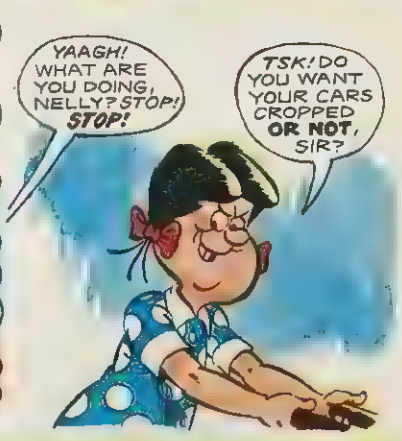


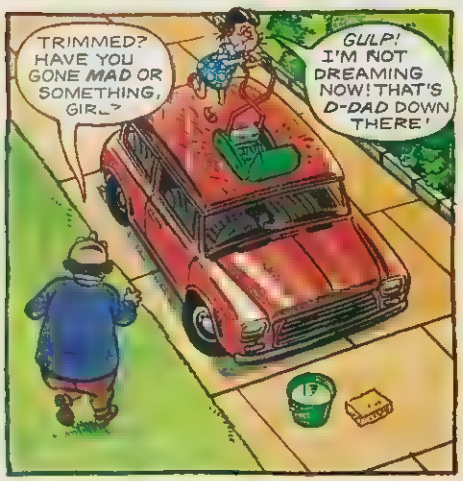


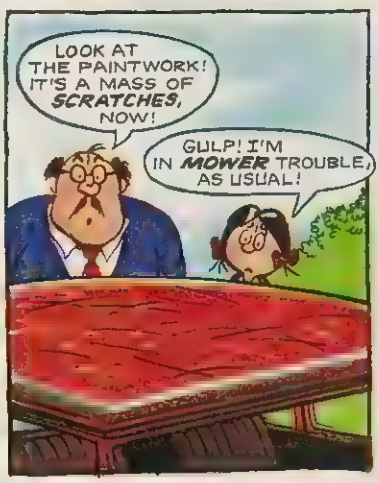


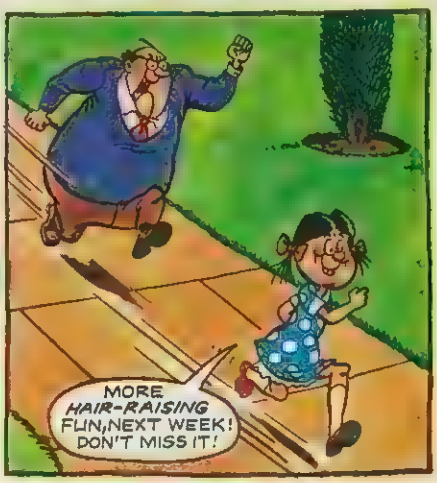

WAAH! THE HAIR'S COVERING ALL THE OTHER CARS IN MY LOT! WHY, THE CUSTOMERS WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THEM!
OOER! I THINK I USED A LITTLE TOO MUCH!

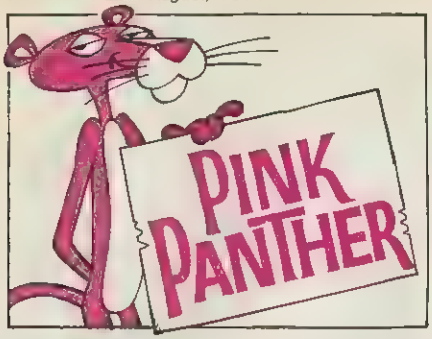


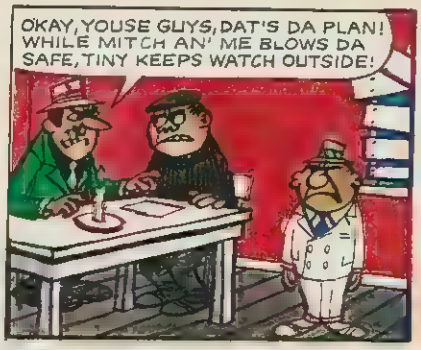


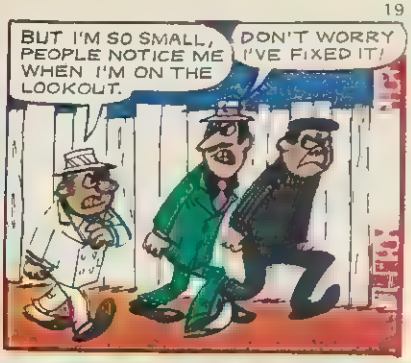


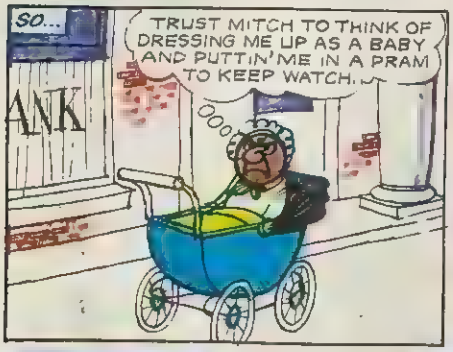


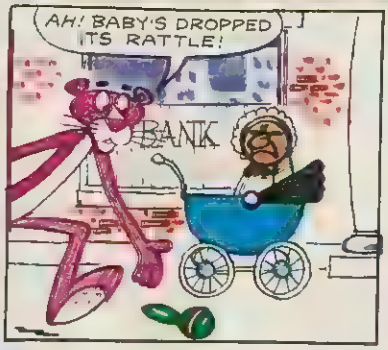


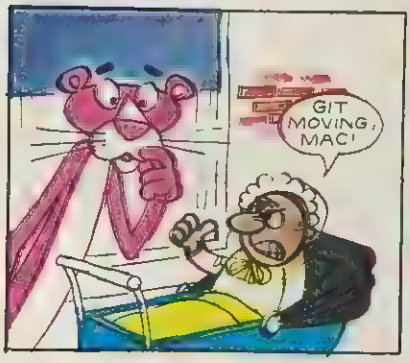


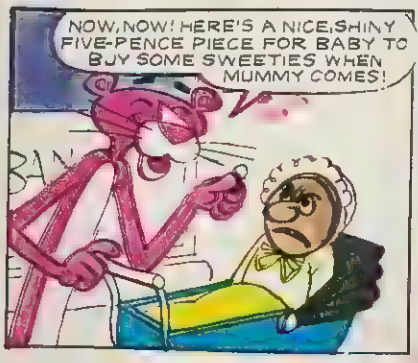


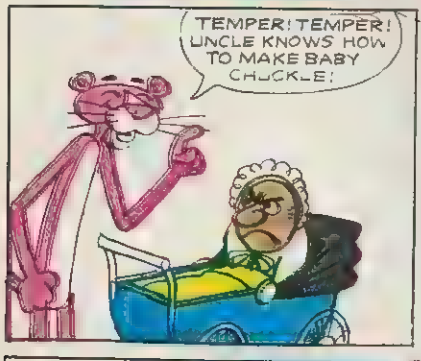


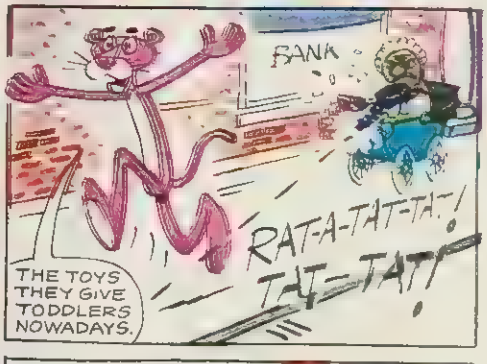


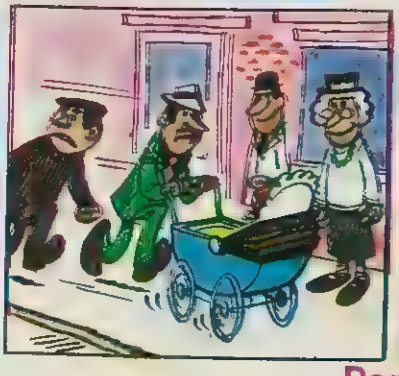


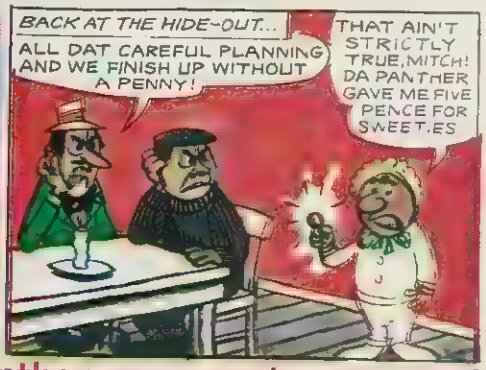











BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT...
ALL DAT CAREFUL PLANNING AND WE FINISH UP WITHOUT A PENNY!
THAT AIN'T STRICTLY TRUE, MITCH! DA PANTHER GAVE ME FIVE PENCE FOR SWEETIES

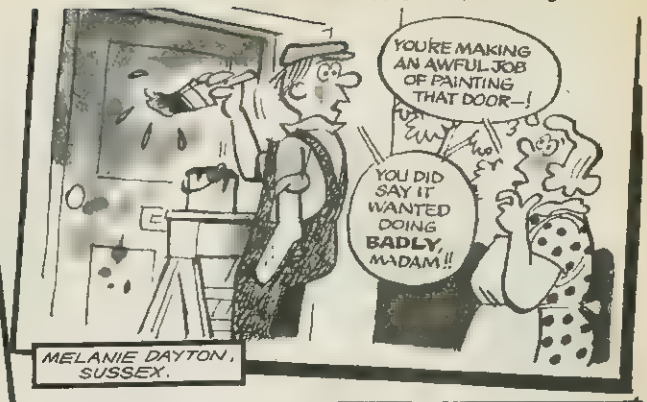
©Minsch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

Panther sees eye-to-eye soon!

Readers' Jokes

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, TV COMIC, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.2 1EP.

DEBBIE LEES, AYLESBURY.



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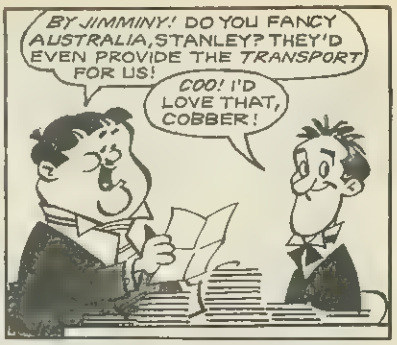

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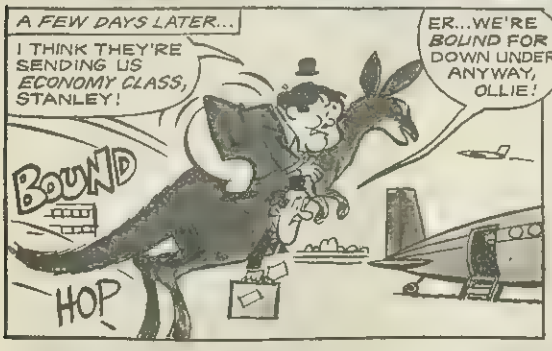
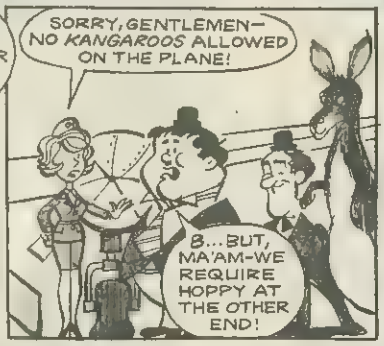
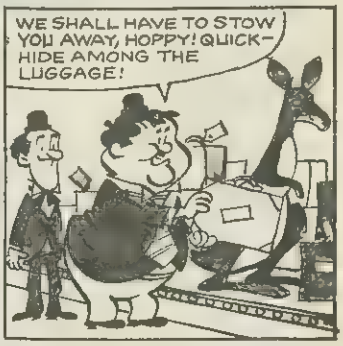
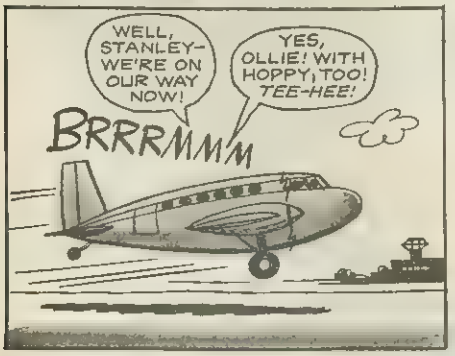
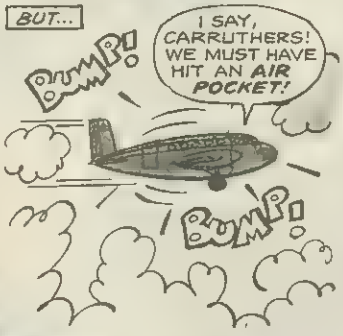
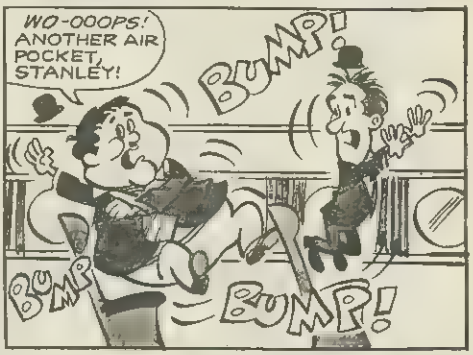


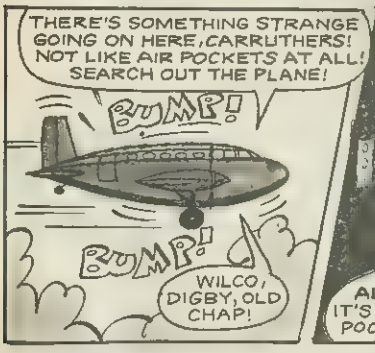


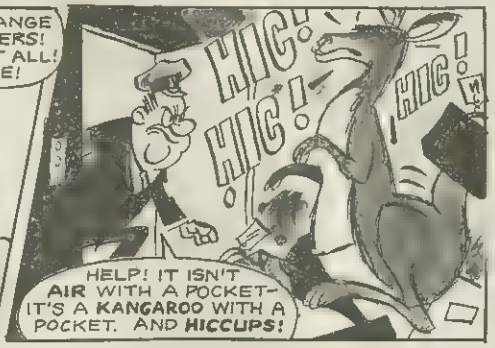


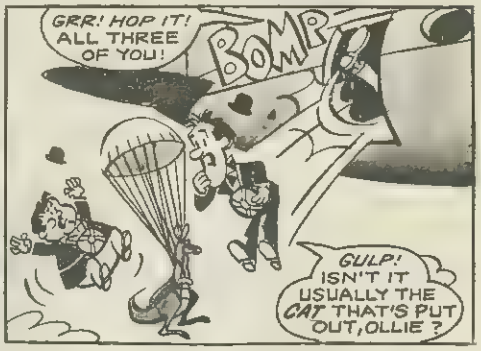


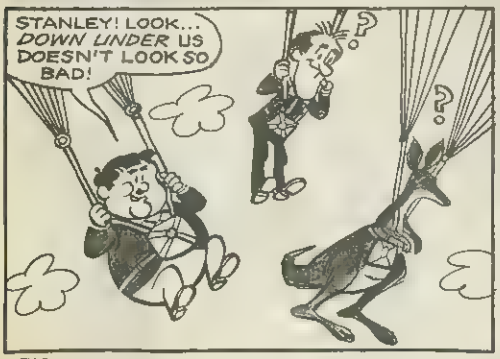


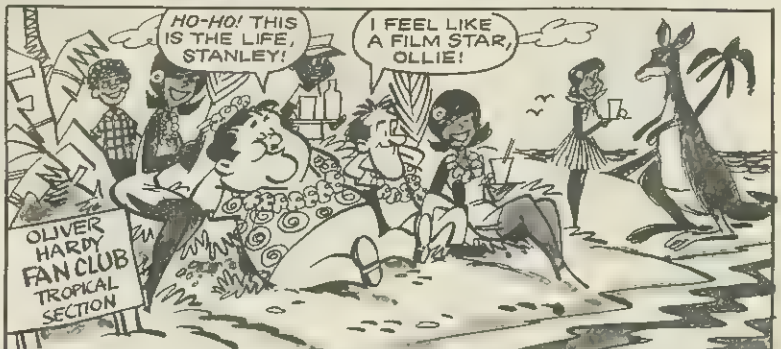



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE, CARRUTHERS! NOT LIKE AIR POCKETS AT ALL! SEARCH OUT THE PLANE!
BUMP!
BUMP!
WILCO, DIGBY, OLD CHAP!









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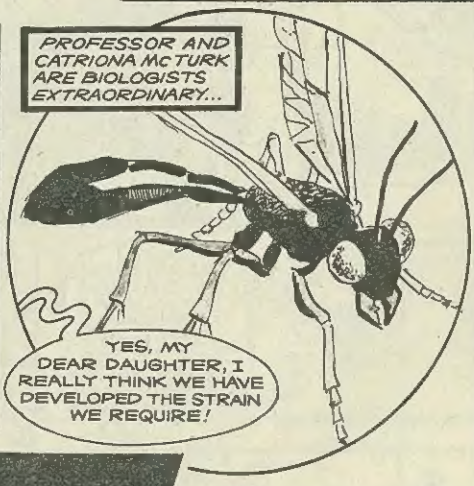
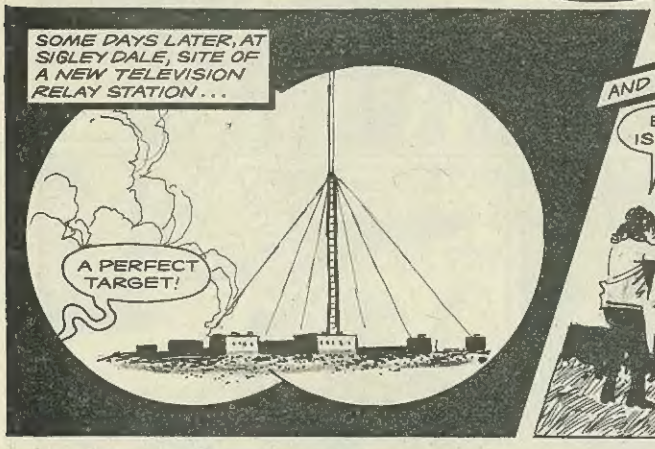
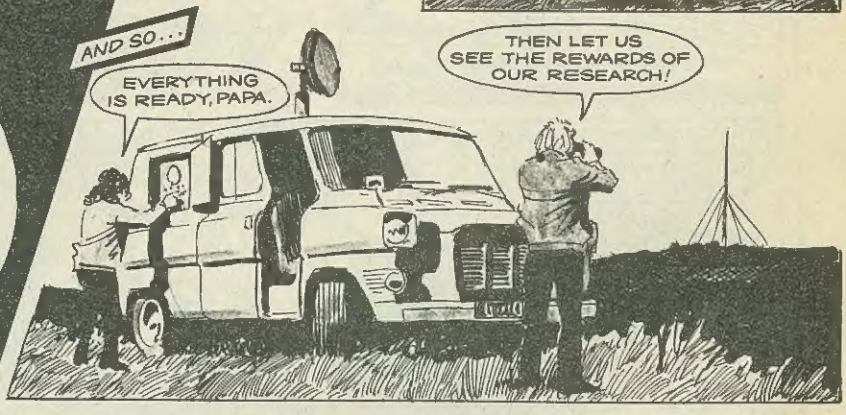
DR WHO in 'The Metal-Eaters!'

FREE from the rigours of Mediaeval England and comfortably back in the 20th century, our well-known Time-Traveller is enjoying a well-earned rest . . .


PROFESSOR AND CATRIONA McTURK ARE BIOLOGISTS EXTRAORDINARY...
YES, MY DEAR DAUGHTER, I REALLY THINK WE HAVE DEVELOPED THE STRAIN WE REQUIRE!





NEXT MOMENT...
AWAY YOU GO, MY PRETTIES. SHOW THOSE UNAPPRECIATIVE BRITISH THEY MADE A GREAT MISTAKE IN IGNORING THE GENIUS OF McTURK!

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WITHIN SECONDS...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT....
GET OFF, CURSE YOU!
IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE! THEY'RE EATIN' MY HELMET! THOSE BRUTES...
AND THAT'S NOT ALL...
...THEY'RE ATTACKIN' THE STEELWORK! IT'S UNCANNY!
ONLY SECONDS AFTER THE LAST MAN IS CLEAR...
THE MIDGET MARAUDERS SOON SHOW GREATER PERILS...
THE SAINTS PRESERVE US! MOVE OUT—THE WHOLE FRAMEWORK IS GOING!
AND FROM THOSE WHO PLANNED DESTRUCTION...
A PERFECT DEMONSTRATION WITH PLENTY OF EYE-WITNESSES TO SPREAD THE WORD.
SEE HOW THEY RESPOND TO OUR CONTROL MECHANISM, PAPA. ISN'T IT MAGNIFICENT?
NOT MANY HOURS LATER, A BAFFLED TEAM OF EXPERTS INSPECTS THE RUINS OF THE STRICKEN RELAY STATION...
COME, COME. ARE YOU REALLY TRYING TO TELL ME THAT ALL THIS WAS DONE BY A CLOUD OF INSECTS?
I AM, MISTER...
ABSOLUTE NONSENSE! TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE! WHY, THERE ISN'T...
ARE YOU CALLIN' US LIARS, MISTER?
COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, MY FRIEND.
NOW WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT? CAN'T SAY IT'S A SPECIES I'VE EVER COME ACROSS BEFORE!

The sinister horde hunt again, next week!

POPEYE
SPINACH
POPEYE, GRAN'PAPPY SAYS HE'S GOING TO SEA AGAIN!
WELL, SHIVVER ME TIMBERS! THAT OLD SEA DORG IS TOO ANCIENT!
BUT...
I'M BORED WIT' BEIN' ASHORE, POPEYE! AND YA IS NOT GOIN' TO TALK ME OUT OF IT!
WELL, IF YA MUST GO TO SEA, GRANPAPPY, LET ME BUY YOU A TICKET ON A LUXURY CRUISE LINER!
YA WON'T GET ME ABOARD A CISSY POWERED VESSEL! AFORE I SIGN ON A SHIP I'LL MAKE SURE SHE HASN'T ANY ENGINE!
HAS SHE ANY ENGINES?
NO. SIGN HERE!
CREW WANTED FOR S.S. BRUTUS
HEY! NO ENGINES, NO SAIL— HOW IS SHE POWERED?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, OLD TIMER!
SOON...
FASTER! FASTER!
CRACK!
A SLAVE SHIP! I MIGHTA KNOWN!
LUCKY I SAW GRAN'PAPPY GO ABOARD BRUTUS' SLAVE SHIP. TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T GET ABOARD!
CATCH, GRAN'PAPPY!
SPINACH!
SNAP!
NOW TO SORT THAT BRUTUS OUT!
GET OVERBOARD, YA VARMIT!
BLAM!
LATER...
BRUTUS'S LARDER WAS WELL STOCKED WITH GRUB!
FASTER! FASTER!
YEAH! I'M ON A LUXURY CRUISE, AFTER ALL!

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Popeye digs for victory soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION